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The Melody of Love

by

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward



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THE MELODY OF LOVE



HILLSIDE

GOD HATH SENT
WHAT I ON THIS HOUSE HAVE SPENT
ALL PRAISE BE UNTO HIS NAME
THAT GAVE ME MEANS TO BUILD THE SAME

THE MELODY OF LOVE

BY

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

*Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs.
Shakespeare*

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TO
MY CHILDREN

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THE MELODY OF LOVE

*The loveliest rose from my garden,
The fairest pearl in my chain,
My sweetest song, I have brought you—
But all will be offered in vain
Unless the prayer that upholds them
Meets a prayer that you breathe for me,
And the love beyond words that enfolds them
Fills your soul with its melody.*

THE SINGING HEART

If my heart had its way
It would sing all the day.
It would sing if at work,
It would sing if at play.
For whatever of sorrow
Life's darkness may bring,
Love fears not tomorrow
And my heart would sing
If my heart had its way.

If my heart had its way
All the night, as if day,
It would sing its low song
To the stars far away.
For were life bereft
There would still be a spring
If sweet Love were left,
That would make my heart sing
If my heart had its way.

LOVE'S PARADISE

SOMETIMES she speaks a word—then ah, what bliss!
My happy heart no softest tone would miss!
I watch her face, am sad when she is sad,
And all life smiles when'er her smile is glad.
But when on me she turns her loving eyes,
Straightway my heart's at home in Paradise.

MY SWEETEST THOUGHTS

My sweetest thoughts, my dearest thoughts,
They fly across the sea
To meet the sweetest, dearest thoughts
That fly across to me.

Perchance beneath a bluer sky
My lover walks today;
Yet well I know he thinks of me
If skies be blue or gray.

Ah, blessings on the dear sweet thoughts
That fly across the sea!
The eastward bound are mine to him;
The westward, his to me.

MY LOVE

My love is young, my love is fair,
The sunshine's net is in her hair,
The sunshine's reddest roses seek
To kiss the white rose on her cheek;
And when with joy her sweet lips part
She sings the sunshine in her heart.

Within the deeps of her dear eyes
The spirit of the sunshine lies,
And when she turns their light on me,
The shadows of a life-time flee;
Spring, joy, and love become my part,
For she is sunshine in my heart.

SAINT VALENTINE

He flew across the fields of snow.
O'er mountains high and valleys low;
No icy barriers did he shun,
Through northern blasts his way was won.
His curly locks danced on his head,
To azure skies his eyes were wed,
For, as on wings of love he sped,
 Spring kissed him.

Oh, breath of flowers as yet unblown!
Oh, dreams of bliss as yet unknown!
Deep in his heart he hid them both,
To bear such treasure nothing loth,
For he was Cupid's slave divine,
The lovers' dear Saint Valentine;
And when she saw his eyes ashine,
 Spring kissed him.

LOVE'S MAGIC

HE kissed me first upon the cheek—
A timid kiss—a dear white rose;
His early love he could not speak
Except when twilight shadows close.

Now steadily his clear deep eyes
Gaze into mine—no fear he knows;
The moon looks down from autumn skies
And turns his kiss to June's red rose.

Full on my lips its seal is set,—
The pledge of love forever mine.
Though with Joy's tears my eyes are wet
I drain Life's cup of Love's rich wine.

THE HEART'S SONG

THE pine trees sing it as I pass,
The crickets chirp it in the grass,
The brook in murmuring undertones
Confides the secret to the stones.
I linger, listening, and I hear
The happy song—"I love you, dear!"

The tune is rung on lily bells,
And goldenrod the story tells;
The wood-thrush lifts his tiny wings
And breathes his heart out as he sings;
And still the same sweet words I hear—
"I love you, dear! I love you, dear!"

O heart, my heart! can it be true
'Tis you that make the old song new?
And did you learn it from the rill,
And from the pine tree on the hill?
Or are they echoes that I hear,
And yours the song—"I love you, dear!"

TO ONE BELOVED

'Tis not that thou art perfect, O my darling, that I
love thee;
It is that in thine eyes I read the dreams that float
above thee.
Though rhyme and rhythm to thy lips may be as
strangers ever;
Though thou hast known the palette's tint—the brush
and pencil never;
Yet art thou poet, laurel-crowned, thy wealth of na-
ture giving;
Yet art thou artist, honor-decked, interpreter of living;
And all because love has revealed to thee deep secrets,
hidden
From those who walk the valley ways, and ne'er to
heights are bidden.
It is love's prescience makes thee wise beyond the
books of sages;
'Tis love's clairvoyance that reveals what's writ in
ancient pages.
Love is the minstrel, Love the song, and Love the
theme supernal;
And Love it is that lights the torch revealing life
eternal.

LOVE'S POWER

THE fire is smouldering while the daylight wanes;
Rain taps impatient on the window panes;
The waves roll high, and the cold wind complains—
 The wind complains.

Reluctant start the embers to a blaze;
Among the ashy drifts the red coal plays;
In fairy rings the circling smoke delays—
 The smoke delays.

Ah, lonely life! it is the wind's sad cry;
Ah, only life! calls Echo, floating by;
Ah, love is life! it is my heart's reply—
 My heart's reply.

Burn low, ye fires that on the hearthstone play!
Beat out your life, O waves, in dashing spray!
My heart chants not your monotone today—
 Oh, not today!

I hear no dirge, I see no ashes gray—
Love! love! love! love! its rapture fills the day—
The winter brings to me the bloom of May—
 The bloom of May.

WHY

WHY are the skies so softly blue,
The meadows jewelled o'er with dew?
Why are the trees all emerald-green,
The lake a smile of silver sheen?
Do you not know, O Lover mine,
Why earth is decked in robes divine?
It is the springtime of the year,
And spring is in our hearts, my dear.

Alas! the clouded skies are cold,
The meadows dark with earthy mold,
The leafless trees stand brown and dry,
Gray is the lake 'neath grayer sky.
O Lover lost, with every breath
Do you not mourn these signs of death?
It is the winter of the year,
Its frost has touched our hearts, my dear.

GREETING

Good morning, my beloved! I say it when
Wide seas between us roll, as if close here
You stood beside me, strong and true and dear,
Working as ever for your fellow-men.

Good morning is God's morning too, dear heart;
Naught is withheld; I am your own, you mine,
And both are of the universe divine
Where time and space have never power to part.

For we are God's; His children blest we stand
Surrounded by the angel hosts of heaven;
All that is good to us is freely given;
He holds us in the hollow of His hand.

The world is home; there is no foreign shore;
We are together, for this hour has brought
And carried the sweet message of our thought.
Dear love, good morning, now and evermore!

DREAMS

BACK, thoughts of love, for ye must all depart;
Not one may linger in my empty heart.
Though life and nature bid that heart rejoice,
Though music is but cadence of one voice,
Though every flower's perfume, each star's soft flame
Finds on my lips the one beloved name,
I must forget, and through the weary day
Drive all the crowding thoughts of love away.

But with the night, when sleep is folded down,
Comes a new world of bliss, and all my own;
For, with the earliest dream my Love draws near,
His smile I see, his whispered words I hear;
And I forget the bonds of time and space
Clasped to his heart in rapturous embrace.

LOVE'S SIGN

WHEN love, sweet love, is at its best,
It needs nor deed nor word;
Though sundered far to east or west,
Love's message still is heard;
And we rejoice in fullest sense
Of freedom in love's confidence.

When love is at its best, the eyes,
The lips, their tale may tell;
And sweet the questions and replies
That lovers know full well.
Yet at love's best a trust divine
Has silence for its sweetest sign.

TREASURE

THERE is a treasure never told
When misers count their yellow gold;
No haunting curse to it was given,
It blesses earth and blesses heaven.

Sweet love! It is the only gold
That sordid minds have ne'er controlled.
It lives in smiles of loving eyes
And in heart's sunshine multiplies.

It is the only gift to bring
With golden-circled bridal ring;
It is the only gift that may
Be crown for golden wedding day.

SPRING AND LOVE

Who is this that lightly skipping
Comes adown the green path tripping?
Trees on every side are blooming,
Fleecy clouds in blue skies looming,
Larks and thrushes gaily singing,
Wind-flowers on their light stems swinging.
See! she comes with pink cheeks flushing,
Skirts blown back by breezes rushing,
Shining eyes and fair hair flying,
To her lovers all replying,
"I am Spring, a happy maiden,
With life's budding joy o'erladen."

Who is this that close behind her
Follows smiling, glad to find her?
Round his head soft locks are curling,
All about him dreams are whirling;
Arrows fill his shining quiver,
Springtime hears their silvery shiver.
Wings like rainbows opalescent
Curve to match his drawn bow's crescent,
And that bow its dart is aiming
At her heart, its rapture claiming.
'Tis sweet Love that woos the maiden
With life's flower of joy o'erladen.

WAITING

IN crowds is solitude—with one face missing;
In noise is silence—with one voice unheard.
It seems as though the universe were waiting
For just one word.

Speak that word, darling! Say that you are watching
For the dear hour when we shall meet again;
Say that you love me! Then shall joy enfold me
And banish pain.

TO MY LAD

THEY say that I am fair; I smile,
And quicker beats my heart;
My thoughts fly far, but all the while
From springs of joy they start;
For O my lad, my bonny lad,
It is for you that I am glad!

I care not for the words they say
To praise my beauty's power.
Blue eyes will fade, brown hair turn gray,
Cheeks lose their blushes' dower;
But O my lad, my heart is true,
My beauty makes me glad for you.

If in your eyes my face be fair
Let whate'er may befall,
For hoary Time may well despair
When youth disdains his call.
And O my lad, my bonny lad,
Your praises keep me young and glad.

MINE

FULL many are akin to us by birth;
We have no voice to say or yea, or nay,
But must accept and love—if so we may,
It is the destined way of this our earth.

But you, belovéd, are mine own by choice.
I needed no command from Duty's voice;
My heart sang: Claim your own! rejoice! rejoice!

WHEN

WHEN will he come? O prophet, say!
Will fair September bring the day?
Will glowing maples hear the beat
Of my heart's pulses, and repeat
Their quick delight till every breeze
Waves love's red roses from the trees,
And all the world, forgetting time,
Shall swear that June is in her prime?

When will he come? O winds, blow free
And fill the sails upon the sea!
Shine, sun, by day! Glow, stars, by night!
Let dreams repeat each day's delight!
Oh, come he east, or come he west,
Which way he comes is surely best,
For joy to meet his smile will start,
And swing the portals of my heart!

IN VAIN

You may set iron bars on the road to the heart,
Link them closely and build them high,
Picket the tops and pillar the ends—
Love laughs as he passes them by,
And enters at will through an open door
That his "Sesame" swung long years before.

There is never a gate though strongly barred
When Love comes to make his choice,
But he will smile as the bolt flies back
At the very first sound of his voice.
For there's never a bolt or a bar that's known
Can keep Love out when he finds his own.

NOW

SAY the loving word,
Say it now, do not wait;
While it may be heard,
Say it now—ere too late.

Else may come a day,
None knoweth how or why,
When, howe'er we pray,
There will be no reply.

Then while dear eyes shine,
Voices speak, fond lips smile,
While your hand in mine
May be clasped for awhile,

Say the loving word!
Say it now, do not wait;
While it may be heard,
Say it now—ere too late.

PRISMS

THE prism of the new-born year
Is like a moonstone cold and clear ;
But when the sun's warm rays appear
Its rainbow flashes far and near.

So in life's prism, rainbow-driven,
Love's sun reveals the light of heaven.

PENALTY

You say that you forgive me
That bitter, cruel word;
You say that you forget it,
And count it never heard.
'Tis true that well you love me,
No doubt that thought can mar,
But ah, though you forgive me
There still remains a scar.

I know that you must wear it,
I know it is but just,
For life the wrong revenges
When love receives a thrust.
So, though you smile forgiveness
And say: "How dear you are!"
Love will not brook rash wounding,
There still remains a scar.

WELCOME

WITH eastward ho! for thee, my dear,
And westward ho! for me,
Before December rounds the year
We'll speed across the sea.

O tides, for happy lovers wait!
O tempests, rage no more
Till he come by the Golden Gate
And I by eastern shore!

Sweetheart, the eager prairies now
Stretch east and west to see
When I shall pass the pines, and thou
The eucalyptus tree.

And when thy hand once more I press
And see those deep blue eyes,
A long farewell to loneliness
And welcome Paradise.

LONG LONG AGO

Was it November, dear, or May,
That day of joy—that blessed day—
When o'er the hills we took our way
 Long, long ago?

The fallow fields stretched west and east,
The swinging vines gave purple feast,
The red-robed sumach stood as priest,
 Long, long ago.

The breezes through the golden shine
Of sunbeams filtered Autumn's wine;
Deep drank we of the draught divine,
 Long, long ago.

There needed not a sage's book
To teach the lesson that we took
From bird and flower and running brook,
 Long, long ago.

For, looking in each other's eyes,
We found the oracle's replies
To all the ancient prophecies,
 Long, long ago.

And 'twas November's gift from May,
That day of joy—that blessed day—
When Love walked with us all the way,
 Long, long ago.

AT THE PLAY

Do you remember, O my love,
That happy autumn day
When you and I sat side by side
And listened to the play?
What was it, dear? I almost think
The name has slipped away!
"Behind the Scenes?" O yes! and how
The orchestra did play!

Oh, sweet was the waltz that they played,
But sweeter the words that you said,
For my heart held the clue
And I listened to you,
Scarce heeding the waltz that they played!

"Behind the Scenes!" Ah, yes, well named!
It moved as if afar,
While our dear drama hurried on
With love, sweet love, for star.
Behind the scenes! Before the scenes!
That was a double bill;
And when the curtain dropped, we heard
The violins' soft thrill.

That waltz with its magical tone,
The strings played it softly alone;
But I only could hear
Your low whisper, my dear,
"I love you, my darling, my own!"

THE ONE SONG

THERE is a song that stirs my heart,
Of every thought it is a part;
Whatever care the day may bring
I only sing, and sing, and sing:
I love you, darling, sweet, my own;
You are a king, my heart your throne!

When fall the shadows of the night
And stars look out with eyes of light,
I know they listen while I tell
The secret that I know so well:
I love you, darling, sweet, my own;
You are a king, my heart your throne!

When first the light of morning breaks,
Again with song my heart awakes,
And even birds on happy wings
Must listen when a true heart sings:
I love you, darling, sweet, my own;
You are a king, my heart your throne!

When sorrow comes to chill the heart,
And joy and I are forced to part,
Ah, then with cadences of pain
I sing that blessed song again:
I love you, darling, sweet, my own;
You are a king, my heart your throne!

YOUR LOVE

I COME, I go, and evermore
There sings within my heart
A secret that my waking hours
To happy dreams impart.

It is your love, O heart of oak,
That makes a cool green glade
Where pours the sun on desert waste,
Nor gives the traveler shade.

It is your love, O heart of fire,
That melts the ice away;
That warms the inner citadel
And gilds the shadows gray.

It is an ever-present sense
Of love complete and true,
That fills my life with blessedness
And gives its key to you.

MEXICAN SONG

THE crescent moon is a golden boat,
The old moon is its sail;
In skies of evening we see it float
O'er Guanajuato's vale.

The red, red sky is the boat's fair sea,
And the hills are dark below.
Come, O my Lover, and sail with me
Wherever our boat may go.

Away, away to the golden isles
That hide in the clouds' bright veil;
Where skies are azure and sunlight smiles
Our beautiful boat will sail.

The red and gold fade out of the sea,
The boat hides under the shore;
Its beautiful crescent for you and for me
Is lost in the Nevermore.

GOODNIGHT

I KISS you once upon the brow
And twice upon each cheek,
Thrice on the lips where even now
Your true love waits to speak;
Last on the eyes—those blessed eyes—
Four kisses, lest they close
Upon an ever-dear surprise,—
Love's depths—and then repose,
Darling, goodnight, goodnight.

ACROSS THE SEA

HE speaks to me! he speaks to me!
Across the sea, the deep blue sea!
But ah, alas! alas the day!
The east wind blows his voice away!

He looks at me! he looks at me!
His eyes shine o'er the deep blue sea!
But ah, alas! the twilight gray
Soon hides those shining eyes away!

He loves but me! he loves but me!
His love is like the deep blue sea!
But wind or sky—ah, bless the day!
Can never keep his love away!

AUTOCRAT

Love chooses, chooses where he will,
No bars to him are known;
No signboards lead him elsewhere
Than to his very own.

He needs no guide of creed or blood,
He knows no bound or law
Except the heart's necessity,
That jewel without flaw.

"Come here! Go there!" Commanding words!
An autocrat is he.
But oh, a darling potentate,
Ruler of worlds to be.

None are so high and none so low
They heed not his decree.
Greater than king or emperor,—
The Lord of Hearts is he.

Ah, blessed sovereignty of love,
No marvel ever known
Compares with this autocracy—
That love *will* choose his own.

SEA SONG

I SAIL, I sail o'er the waters blue,
I fear not the dark, stormy wave;
I love the ocean, although I know
It flows over many a grave.
I love it so well
That never a knell
Do I hear over gray or blue,
For with every dip
Of the beautiful ship
I am coming, my lover, to you!

I sing, I sing as the ship sails on,
My heart sets the tune for the sea,
Till the waves laugh out as they echo the song
That my lover will sing to me.
For I love the sea,
And naught to me
Doth it matter if gray or blue,
For with every dip
Of the beautiful ship,
I am coming, my lover, to you!

"I LOVE YOU, DEAR!"

SHE looked at him with quick surprise,
She looked at him with tear-brimmed eyes;
Her tight-closed hand no motion shaped,
No word her curling lip escaped.
His eyes were bright, his voice was clear;
He only said: "I love you, dear!"

Her eyes were deep with anger's hue,
They softened into tender blue;
The haughty curve her lip forsook,
Her hand lay open on her book;
Then as he spoke, he drew more near,
And said again: "I love you, dear!"

Where sweet Love dwells, wrath cannot stay;
Her smiles chased all the tears away.
She looked at him: "Ah, do not fear,
I too can say, 'I love you, dear!'"
His smile replied, "Our hearts are near,"
His words were still: "I love you, dear!"

Ah, when the fire of anger burns,
And all life's sweet to bitter turns,
When eyes are flashing, lips close-set,
Prepared to storm and to regret,
Then happy we if Great-Heart near
Have strength to say: "I love you, dear!"

MY THOUGHTS CARESS THEE

My thoughts caress thee when through rifts of gray
The dawn steals o'er the eastern mountain height,
And watchers all along the shadowy way
Await the signal of the lord of light.

My thoughts caress thee when that signal, borne
By shafts of color to the throbbing lake,
Is answered first by quickening pulse of morn,
Then by the splendor of a world awake.

My thoughts caress thee when the zenith holds
The climax of the mid-day's throbbing heat,
And over earth the noon-hour's pause enfolds
The worker, though his task be incomplete.

My thoughts caress thee when the darkness falls,
And holds the thrilling heart-strings tense and bare,
While tropic gardens and cathedral walls
Recede into the strange mysterious air.

My thoughts caress thee when the evening star
Her pale lamp o'er the fading azure lifts,
And with gray shadows creeping from afar
The twilight silence into darkness drifts.

O Love! in sun or shade, on land or sea,
The heart seeks deeps below and heights above,
And every golden thought caresses thee
And gives thee, all unseen, its gifts of love.

LOVE THE PROPHET

Oh, Love is a mighty prophet,
And he speaks of the years to come,
When he will swear with the vows of youth,
Though sages be old and dumb,
When he will sing with the minstrel's voice,
Though the minstrel be cold in the grave;
And the answer will sweep over mountain height,
And echo from ocean cave.

Oh, Love, he laughs at the king of earth
Who trembles upon his throne,
While he unguarded may sit secure,
The greatest of kingdoms his own.
O Love, whether prophet or minstrel or king,
Be evermore kind and true:
For like a child in a giant's power
The world is a slave to you!

Oh, Love, he looks in the eyes of Death,
He casts off her mystic veil;
He smiles as if in the eyes of Life
With a power that does not fail.
And with every flash of her shining eyes
Life kindles Love's altar fires;
And Death from the depths of the silent grave
To Love Eternal aspires.

ALWAYS SPRING

WHEN tiny buds peep o'er the mold,
When willow wands are filled with gold,
When subtle perfume's in the air,
And hope is smiling everywhere,
Then Nature whispers: "It is Spring,"
And my heart echoes: "Spring, sweet Spring!"

When crowding leaves of emerald green
Scarce let blue skies peep in between,
When scarlet poppies droop their heads
In midday sleep on verdant beds,
Then Summer calls the birds to sing,
But my heart says: "It is the Spring!"

When, carried by the lonely breeze,
A golden shuttle through the trees
Weaves shadows on the crimson vines
And o'er the carpet of the pines,
Then Autumn says: "Your harvest bring,"
But my heart answers: "It is Spring!"

When Winter, with her cold white hands,
Locks every stream in icy bands,
My darling, still your dear eyes shine
With heavenly lovelight into mine,
And my glad heart must always sing,
Whate'er the season: "It is Spring!"

THE ANSWER

HER heart was its forerunner;
She knew that he would speak;
Already had he won her
When blushes dyed her cheek.

At last she held his letter;
Its words—ah, did she guess?
Before she broke its fetter,
Her heart had answered, "Yes!"

.

She sat with pen uplifted
Above the paper white;
Across her face there drifted
A ray of happy light.

Her heart with words was ready:
"My darling, write and send . . ."
She smiled—her hand was steady;
She only wrote, "My friend."

FORGET

DEAREST, I often pray you will forget
The darkening eyes, the frown, the hasty word;
Why should they come? I ask myself, while yet
I know they will again be seen and heard.
I cannot fathom why they should appear,
Since, sad or glad, you always are so dear.

If you cannot forget, oh, then forgive!
Believe that I am better than I seem.
Without your love I could not wish to live;
With it I realize life's sweetest dream.
Forgive—forget! if neither one may be,
Still love me, darling, to eternity.

ONE DAY

Do you remember, dear, the day,
The bright September day,
When you and I had all of time
For hearts to take their way?

The universe brought tribute then
To offer at love's shrine;
White clouds looked out from blue of sky
That poets call divine.

I think the earth was robbed of flowers
To win our happy thanks;
Hydrangeas beat their pink hearts out
On gently curving banks;

The lotus left old Egypt's sands
To seek afar the links
That hold the answer still unguessed
To riddle of the sphinx.

Near by she raised her royal head,
Rose-crowned and lifting high
The golden cup that guards the seeds
First grown for Pharaoh's eye.

"In western world I find," she said,
"The Orient's secret hid;
For love is older than the Nile
Or ancient pyramid."

The crystal water heard her words,
The secret but half told,
And sang joy's cadence to the stones:
"Sweet love is never old."

Sweet love! sweet love! the forest trees
Wrote down the sunlit lines
On shadows flitting back and forth
Through branches of the pines.

All nature's voices harmonized
In chanting love's refrain;
Our hearts took up the melody
And sang, and sang again.

For who could ever silent be
When earth conspired with heaven
To frame for all life's calendar
That day from morn to even!

Ah, look into my eyes, dear love,
And smile the while you say
Love ruled and time and space were naught
For one September day!

MY LOVE'S A JEWEL

My love, he is a ruby, red
As roses in my garden-bed;
The roses' perfume may expire,
But not my ruby's heart of fire.

My love's a sapphire deep and blue—
The symbol of the tried and true;
His heart is faithful as the skies
That shine reflected in his eyes.

My love's an emerald dark and clear,
His love encircles all the year;
To winter's snow and icy sheen
He brings the summer's glowing green.

My love's a rosy tourmaline,
Charged with a power from worlds unseen;
Its throb, prophetic as a star,
Tells that my love is near or far.

My love's a royal amethyst,
Its purple by the sunrise kissed;
It sets my king upon his throne
And bids my heart allegiance own.

My love's an opal; o'er him steals
The varying mood his spirit feels,
To flame in splendor deep or pale
As glows his cheek with love's sweet tale.

My love's a diamond, clear and cold
When other lovers are too bold,
But bright and warm as sunny skies
Whene'er he looks into my eyes.

My love! my love! he's everything
That maids adore and minstrels sing!
In him all glorious gems unite,
He is the prism for their light.

BEREFT

O LOVE, sweet Love, you gave to me your all
Till my starved soul no longer asked for more.
How could I think that it could e'er befall
I might bide here, and you go on before!
How could I dream Love would not be content,
But peering out with eager, restless eyes,
Might see in vision a new firmament,
And covet a yet fairer paradise.

I did not think, I did not dream, alas!
That love could go, and life be left behind;
And yet this very thing has come to pass,
Till now my eyes with burning tears are blind.
The world, once beautiful, is sadly changed,
I cannot covet life from love estranged.

LOTUS

THE Lotus left old Egypt's sands
To seek afar in western lands
The answer to the riddle hid
Beneath the ancient pyramid.

A Queen upon the lily bed
She lifted up her rose-crowned head,
And held in golden cup on high
The seeds first grown for Pharaoh's eye.

"I thought the east was old," she said,
"I thought its heart a mummy dead;
But in this western world I find
That I was dull, that I was blind.

"I look to east, I look to west,
The old, the new—and both are best;
Love knows not time and knows not space,
Egyptian or Caucasian race.

"Love is the word the gray Sphinx hid;
Love built the oldest pyramid;
The riddle of the Orient
Hides not its key in Occident.

"Its answer comes from centuries past,
Love, old and new—Love, first and last.
The words are by the ages sung:
'The oldest love is ever young.'"

SEPARATION

WE met one day when skies were blue,
When autumn odors quivered through
The sun-bathed leaves of russet hue.

We parted; but who swings the gate
On heavenly joys need only wait
To meet regret, or soon, or late.

The hearts which on that autumn day
Were thrilling with the hope of May
Are dying now in ashes gray;

And all those withered leaves were blown
To heap a grave where Love made moan
For life that should have been his own.

LOVE'S CHALLENGE

DEAREST my Lover, love me now,
Or never, never, love me more;
For yester-eve a changeless vow
Within my heart of hearts I swore.

I swore that when we twain shall meet,
If you but clasp me to your heart,
And kiss me long, and call me sweet,
And say we nevermore shall part,

Then I will ask no more of Fate,
Of all her gifts no more than this—
No more will question or debate,
But take at once my heaven of bliss.

But if with voice grown dull and cold
You do not speak a loving word,
And, timid when you should be bold,
No passion in your heart is stirred,

Then leave me, for you are not mine;
I am not yours, nor e'er have been;
From bending at an empty shrine,
I turn me to another scene;

I turn to these dear mountain woods,
Whose fragrance breathes true love for aye;
And here, where the blue heaven broods,
In peace with Nature I will stay.

Arbutus buds shall kiss my hands,
Azalea's pink shall dye my lips;
And where the lordly pine-tree stands
I'll watch the sea for fairer ships.

I'll wait until a lover woos
With passion of the noonday heat,
And ever ardently pursues
Till Love lies conquered at his feet.

I feel the spell of Southern skies,
I feel the heart-beat of the wild;
The elemental in me cries
For all the joys of Nature's child.

My heart beats fast; my aching arms
Reach for the moon that shines on high;
The savage in me covets charms
Of color, motion, earth, and sky.

Come, Poet, come and sing your song!
Come, Minstrel, soothe me with your lay!
Come, Lover, tarry not too long,
But charm these surging thoughts away!

I hear the voices of the earth,
The teeming earth that calls to me;
These primal longings have their birth
In Nature's impulse wild and free.

Away with all the city's pain!
Away with laws that breed deceit!
Made pure by sun and dew and rain,
In Nature's temple all is sweet.

I hear again the tender strain
That birds are singing of their love;
I listen to the soft refrain
Of pine trees to the skies above.

Poet, you need not sing your song;
Minstrel, your lay for others save;
Lover, the waiting was too long,—
Another hand the blessing gave.

I kneel before the peaceful shrine
That Nature rears for man apart;
The message of the singing pine
Brings quiet to my troubled heart.

The spirit's strivings find surcease;
A holy quiet now is mine;
And Nature's realm of silent peace
Is prophecy of life divine.

REWARD

ALL through the days the tides of life run slow ;

 The brightness of the sun is overcast ;

The present is a dull gray monotone

 Contrasted with the radiance of the past,

And all the hours go by on leaden feet.

 But when the blessed night brings welcome sleep,

Then thou dost come, my Love, my Love, once more,

 And I am wrapped in bliss for words too deep.

Thus do I gather strength for all the days,—

 The lonely days when we must be apart ;

Night feeds life's springs with dreams of heavenly
 bliss ;

Once more my lips are raptured with thy kiss ;

 And I forget the long, long hours of pain,

 Darling, close folded to your heart again.

LIFE AND LOVE

LIFE, thou fair and faithless one,
What is this that thou hast done!
Luring me by promises
Of thy magic sesames;
Pledging duty's diadem,
To encircle triumph's gem;
Bidding me to follow on
Till thy laurels all were won;
Promising yet more than these;
Giving only cup of lees;
Forcing me the draught to drain
Dark with disappointment's stain.
Life, thou false, betraying one,
'Tis thyself thou hast undone!

Love, thou gay chameleon,
What is this that thou hast done!
Startling me with glad surprise,
Showing laughing lips and eyes,
Flower-filled hands and dancing feet,
Arms outheld in wooing sweet,
Folding close thy rainbow wings,
Singing song the siren sings,
Promising the heights of bliss,
Casting me to pain's abyss.

Life, I'd laugh at thy deceit
If but Love were true and sweet.
But since Love is false to me,
Life, I cannot care for thee.

THE LOVE THAT FORGIVES

A BEAUTIFUL love is the love that adores ;
It changes life's rocks into smooth-sloping shores ;
But better 'mid breakers for each one who lives
To cling to the beautiful love that forgives.

The love that adores is a holiday love,
It fails when by trial its weakness we prove.
Then, for life's everyday, thank the Lord when He
gives
That crown of His blessings—the love that forgives!

SWEET LOVE

A GIFT may bear the mark of gold;
A gift may come from nations old,
And yet may lack the dearest part—
The blessing of a loving heart.
Would you the giver's secret know?
With every gift sweet Love must go.

Oh, seek not far what lieth near!
The fairest blessing of the year
Doth answer to the heart's low call,
And gladly giving, giveth all.
Would you the giver's secret know?
With every gift sweet Love must go.

MY RING

O FLASHING lights of red and blue!
O flashing lights of gold!
Electric as I gaze at you
Gleams out a story, told
One wintry day, when on the white
Of my heart's snow there fell your light.

It was a beacon light of hope
That sent its heavenly rays
To pierce life's sadness and to cope
With all despairing days;
To say: Sing, heart, forever sing!
Love is the guerdon that I bring.

So circling round the wondrous green
That fills the emerald's heart,
Your diamonds flash their light between
The shadows as they part;
And on swift wings my spirit flies,
To find that love is paradise.

ANSWER

WHY, winds, do you blow so wild and so strong?
Have you come from a planet afar?
Was your way over ocean and mountain high?
Did you sail on the dark clouds that shadow the sky,
Embracing a golden star?
Tell me why, winds, why
You are sweeping by
With a laugh and a sigh,
And the soft undertone of a wonderful song
That quickens my heart-beats as you rush along?

Maiden, we come from a far-away zone;
We speed from the east to the west;
Over ocean and mountain by tempest blown,
The clouds and the stars have our presence known;
We hasten and never rest.
Our burden sublime
Is the message of time,
And the whisper of love is the soft undertone
That thrills and caresses your heart alone.

LOVE'S TELEPHONE

THE scientists tell us of what can be done
If one stand on the top of old Mount Washington,
And another go up to a glorious peak
Of the Rockies; then each to the other can speak,
And each, listening, hear all the delicate tones
Of his comrade; for, rivaling our quick telephones,
The strata of ether that lie overhead
Can carry the sound of the words that are said.

My darling, we laugh at them all—you and I—
For they climb to the ether of altitudes high
Just to talk across continents, when we can prove
That earth, air, and ocean are servants to love;
For I listen, belovéd, across the far sea,
And I know that your dear voice is calling to me;
And the words are as plain as was e'er light of day:
"I will love you, my darling, forever and aye."

MEETING

A SOUL is born in far-off land
Whose destiny is linked with mine;
All forces work in shade and shine
That we two face to face may stand.

A ship speeds on to cross the sea
Lest I, who never looked on her,
The blissful moment should defer
Till she, my love, be lost to me.

Then, stranger on a foreign shore,
I wait the halt of flying train;
So brief the pause 'tis well-nigh vain;
Yet hastening, I swing the door.

The pregnant moment gives no sign,
Though life the horoscope had cast
That here we two should meet at last,
And my love's eyes look into mine.

LOVE'S HEARTH

It was a late October day;
A hush was in the air
As if all nature resting lay
In her calm hour of prayer.

The sunshine, lingering on the leaves,
Their red and gold revealed;
The warmth of summer touched the sheaves
That stood upon the field.

The wind was but a light caress,
So softly did it stir;
The crickets echoed in the grass
The insects' ceaseless whirr.

Why did the earth all breathless wait
With autumn lips apart?
She listened for the hand of fate
To fall upon a heart.

Thrice looked a youth in maiden eyes,
Thrice waited for reply;
She only looked at fair blue skies
And thrilled—she knew not why.

Then at the warm door of her heart
Love knocked and knocked again.
Alas, she little knew Love's art!
She only said: "'Tis vain!"

She slipped the bolt across the door,
But Love was not afraid;
He knew that she would give him more
Than ever he had prayed.

So, though awhile she sat apart,
Joy smiled away her gloom;
For by the fireside of her heart
Sat Love: it was his home.

"M'AIMES-TU?"

"M'AIMES-TU?" No cadences of speech
Fold in the question shy;
No formal phrase goes out to reach
The coveted reply.

"M'ailles-tu?" The little words are writ
Where printed words abound,
And can she frame an answer, fit
To send back without sound?

"M'ailles-tu?" How swift the heart replies
In language quite the same!
To written question answer eyes,
"Chéri, tu sais,—Je t'aime!"

WE TWO

Two little words my heart has sung
Since years were few and life was young.
'Twas you, my wife, who set the tune
One happy May—or was it June?
No matter, since it was love's spring;
"We two!" the words you bade me sing.

"We two!" I looked into your eyes,
And to all doubts found sweet replies;
The future seemed an open way,
The light upon it, heaven's own ray;
And on your hand I slipped a ring;
"We two! we two!" I heard it sing.

Belovéd wife, through all the years
Your smile has ever banished fears;
Your eyes have seen hope's golden star,
Your love has shone from near and far.
Ah, in life's youth I little knew
The blessed meaning of "We two."

I learned it well in time of grief,
When your dear presence brought relief;
I learned it well when by your side
My deepest joys were multiplied;
Until today, dear wife and true,
Life only means, "We two! we two!"

FAREWELL

OVER the mountain,
Over the sea,
Beautiful secret
Whisper to me!
Nobody listens,
Nobody tells,
Ring it! Oh, ring it!
Chime the heart bells!

"Dearly he loves you,"
Murmurs the star
In the blue heavens
Shining afar.
Breezes come bringing
Love songs to me,
Echo is singing,
"Love, I love thee!"

New moon is hanging
Low in the sky;
Wish now, my lover,
She will reply.
What will you have, dear?
Speak while you may.
"Silver moon bring it—
Sweet wedding day!"

Crescent is fading
In the gray skies,
Dark clouds are shading
Bright starry eyes.

Echo is silent,
Mourning the sea,
Farewell, my lover,
Farewell to thee!

RETROSPECTION

COME sit by the fire, my own sweet wife,
A story I'll tell to you;
I will take it out of the book of our life,
'Twas a beautiful dream that came true.

You know it is many and many a year
Since under the old elm tree
A youth said softly, "I love you, dear;
Will you give your heart to me?"

And a maiden lifted her sweet blue eyes
And gazed into eyes as true;
Then, looking afar into evening skies,
Said: "The love of my heart is for you."

Your soft hair was brown then, my own dear wife.
And now it is silvered with gray;
But all through the years of our beautiful life
You have turned bleak December to May.

And now sitting here by the firelight's gleam,
Just I, my own darling, and you;
We know that far better than youth's bright dream
Is our beautiful dream that came true.

LOVE'S HOME

WHERE is love's home, sweet-heart?

Tell me, I pray;
Is it Van Dieman's land?
Is it Cathay?

Why do you smile, sweet-heart,
Drawing me near,
Saying, "Love makes his home,
Darling, right here!"

Love has his home, sweet-heart,
By polar seas;
Where the equator's zone
Welcomes each breeze;

Wherever blue skies arch,
Love claims his own,
Making the universe
Everywhere home.

Ah, still you smile, sweet-heart,
Drawing me near,
Saying, "Love's dearest home
Always is here,—

Here where the heart's own key
Opens to bliss,
Locking the whole world out,
Dear, with a kiss."

FAR THOUGH NEAR

So near and yet so far, my Love!
Between us just a rift
Through which the sunbeams sometimes play
And sometimes gray clouds drift.

Because thou art so near, my Love,
Fast beats my longing heart;
Because thou art so far, my Love,
The bitter teardrops start.

Oh, nearer come or farther go,
Choose thou the chain or bar;
I cannot live while thou, my Love,
Art near, and yet so far.

GARDEN STORY

IN a garden, fairest warden
Of my heart, I met you first.
'Twas the Maytime,
Lovers' playtime;
Rosebuds into blossoms burst.

Tall carnations guarded stations
Round the garden's blushing beds;
Orchid flagons,
And snap-dragons,
Shaded pansies' purple heads.

Little mattered that all scattered
Fragrance of Hesperides;
Or had stolen
Red, white, golden
Colors from the rainbow seas.

Never caring how was faring.
Garden's wealth of leaf and bloom,
Love I offered,
Life I proffered;
"In your heart, sweet, give me room."

Ah, what rapture follows capture
Of a heart and of a life!
That sweet maiden,
Beauty laden,
Cannot rival my sweet wife.

APART

DEAR, do you breathe this fragrant air
And look across these hills,
And this divine September share
With never thought that thrills?

In your dear eyes does love's soft light
Shine on, though I can see
No blessed glimmer when the night
Shuts you away from me?

Ah, dearest love! As well be still
Across the raging sea,
As over yonder little hill
That keeps you far from me.

OMNIPOTENT

THE heart chooses its own
And advises with none.
Neither birth, ban, nor bar,
Nor friends near or far
Love's law can create,
Love's terms can dictate.
The heart will neglect,
The heart will reject;
Human laws it will slight,
Ignoring the right.
For the heart claims its own
And will answer to none,
No limiting rules,
No books of the schools;
When the flame of love burns
The primeval returns,
The heart chooses its own
And advises with none.

TRYST

You come to me in dreams, dear love,
With ever-new delight;
All wonder why the morning finds
My heart so glad and light.

They know that you are far away;
They count the weary miles,
And never guess why I sit by
With only happy smiles.

Ah, secret source of strength and joy!
How short each day-hour seems,
Because, dear heart, when sleep is sweet,
You come to me in dreams.

SONGS

I

AH, if the world were but forgot,
And you and I where Time is not,
Where crystal streams in beauty flow,
Where mountains rise in sheen of snow,
Where forests lift their lofty pines
To melt in ether's azure lines;—
Where sunshine gilds the hours of day
And moonlight smiles the night away;—
Where sages muse and poets sing,
Where gold is naught and Love is king!
If ours were but such happy lot,
Darling, the world were well forgot!

II

DEAREST, you often say I bring you cheer;
'Tis your sweet self Joy meets when I draw near.
Today, too far apart—you there, I here—
I give you first a smile, and then a tear.
The smile is for Love's stress of pain, my dear,
While for Love's joy, there only falls this tear.

III

I DREAM of eyes so heavenly blue,
All other eyes seem dull of hue
Beside those wells of radiant light,
Those stars that rival stars of night.
Their blue is the celestial shade
Of which true lovers' dreams are made;
And in their depths my happy eyes
Behold my earthly paradise.

IV

I WONDER if you know, my dear,
What changes come when you are near!
A gayer world, a softer air,
A bluer sky, all earth more fair;
And in my heart a gladder song
That sings itself the whole day long.
Ah, miracles of love appear
When you are near, my dear, my dear!

V

DARLING, I give thee a rose.
Deep as its warm heart glows,
Thou shalt divine
What is the sign
I give with this red, red rose.

Darling, no sharp sting knows
The thorn in this crimson rose.
Love is divine;
My heart is thine!
So says this red, red rose.

VI

My thoughts once lingered here at home—
My happy thoughts, care-free;
But now afar they always roam
Across the dark blue sea;
Sad thoughts, glad thoughts, and all of you,
My dear, across the sea so blue.

VII

OH, sing, my heart, for joy is thine!
I am my Love's and he is mine!
In sun and star that brightly shine,
In tree and flower, I see the sign
Of bliss supreme, of life divine.
So sing, my heart, for joy is thine;
Thy true Love is thy Valentine.

VIII

THROUGH the watches of night the soft eyes of the stars
Gaze lovingly down through the sky's cloudy bars,
And into my heart shines the beautiful light,
That makes me their lover all through the long night.

So, watching and loving, my sorrows all seem
Forgot in the bliss of a beautiful dream;
And the tale of my love I repeat through the night
Till day hides my stars in her mantle of light.

IX

My love is a lady so fair
That Time is beset with despair;
His years have no power
To sully the dower
Of beauty she ever will wear!

My love is a lady whose art
Of nature's own sweetness is part;
And in her blue eyes
My paradise lies,
For she is the queen of my heart.

X

I do not wish to give thee gems,
Nor would I give thee gold;
I do not even give a flower
That thy dear hand may hold;
But my fond heart, withholding naught,
Gives its best gift in loving thought.

XI

I LOVE you when the snow flies,
I love you when it rains,
I love you in the quiet,
And when the wind complains.
Whatever be the season
Spring, summer, winter, fall,—
In each one well belovéd
You're dearest in them all.

XII

THINK not, my dear, that you conceal
The thought you fain would not reveal!
Your eyes, though guarded, give the sign
That your dear love is truly mine.
Why hide that gift without alloy,
Whose seed is Hope, whose flower is Joy!

A LOVE CYCLE

I

THE heart knows its own!
One comes in at the door
Who has ne'er come before;
To a glance of the eye
A swift smile gives reply;
To the voice's low tone
The heart murmurs, "My own!"
Yet no words give the sign
Of a token divine,
Though the spring air is riven,
Though it enters high heaven
With a wonderful thrill,
So that angels are still,
Watching, waiting to see
What this marvel may be,
That the heart knows its own.

II

'Twas in the month of May, Love,
That first you smiled on me;
There never was a day, Love,
So beautiful to see!

The birds told all the world, Love,
With burst of glad surprise,
The secret that was furl'd, Love,
Within our startled eyes.

None listened to the tale, Love,
The birds rehearsed in vain;
But echo did not fail, Love,
To sing the glad refrain.

Ah, 'twas a hymn divine, Love,
In which the May took part;
It made you ever mine, Love,
And gave to you my heart.

III

My darling, when I sit near you, content
To shut the whole world out and leave us two;
When your dear eyes become my firmament
Where radiant stars of love are shining through,—
Speak not to me of heaven! I covet not
A bliss that can transcend my own today;
Nor could I envy seraph's fairest lot
If at my side, beloved, you might stay.

Come, take my hand and let us wander on
To some far Eden, our true heritage;
Our books shall be two hearts each day new-won,
And Love himself shall turn the shining page;
There shall we find life's epic just begun,
Nor death shall end our lovers' pilgrimage.

IV

I THOUGHT the spring of song had failed
 Within my heart,
Since through long years had naught availed
 The stream to start.

I looked into my heart and sighed
 That there must be
The blessed joy of song denied
 Ever to me.

Then, O my Love, my darling Love,
 I turned one day
And met your eyes; the heaven above
 Within them lay.

I felt with torrent crystal-clear,
 The song-spring gush;
My startled heart scarce dared to hear
 The sweet wild rush.

And now there is no earthly power
 Can stay the stream
That sings through every waking hour,
 Fills every dream.

O hidden spring! Though he depart
 Who set you free,
He takes and keeps with him my heart
 Eternally.

V

I DID not know that days could be so lonely,
 I did not know that nights could be so long;
 I never dreamed for me there could be only
 One deep lament instead of joyous song.

But when the sun is fading, who, recalling
 The day's full splendor, can be then content?
 And when the shadows of the night are falling,
 Who would shut out the starry firmament?

O sun of my heart's life! O dear star, shining
 To light the darkness that my soul has known!
 How can I live alone without repining,
 When into space and silence thou hast flown!

VI

TAKE my songs, dear, take them all,
 Simple as a child's first word;
 For they came without my call,
 And my heart their music heard.

Heart it was that answered too;
 Gave each note in undertone;
 Till, with courage gained from you,
 Impulse into song had grown.

Take them all, dear! Let them say
 What the lark says to the sky,—
 That your love makes heaven away,
 Clear and broad and deep and high.

FRIENDS AND KINDRED

SAMUEL LOOK

THE oak and the maple are bending
Narcissus-like over a glass,
And the wind laughs the while it is sending
Faint ripples that quiver and pass.
The sunshine drifts down through the swaying
Of branches where acorn cups swing,
And trembles and smiles on the waters
That bubble from Grandfather's Spring.

The gray stones are glad in their curbing
Of fountains so sparkling and cold;
The squirrels play, never disturbing
The chipmunks that, watching, grow bold;
The birds build their nests unmolested,
And dip here and joyfully sing,
For the source of a treasure unfailing
Is hidden near Grandfather's Spring.

The myrtle's green leaves are all shining,
And clustering thick on the hill;
The asters, no longer defining
Their purple, are white-robed and still.
The maidenhair fern waves her tresses,
The jewel weed's delicate wing
Is lifeless and pale, till it presses
Its silver from Grandfather's Spring.

When long years ago we were asking
To fathom the secret of love,
The oak and the maple tree, basking
In sunshine like this from above,

Drew us gently to hear their true voices :
"Sing, Spirits immortal, oh, sing!"
For love waits, and life finds its answer
In the clear depths of Grandfather's Spring.

SUSAN LOOK AVERY

THE maples wave their crimson flags,
Their pennons elms are raising;
Aurora's torch flames in the skies
Where northern lights are blazing.
From tented fields of yellow corn,
From forests' royal splendor,
A message comes on favoring breeze,
Love-laden, strong and tender:

Shine, Sun, upon her happy way,
Glow, Moon and Stars unweary,
Boom, Lake, upon the gray sea-wall,
Sweep, Winds, across the prairie.
Play, play, ye pipes, and strings reply;
O voices, join in singing,
Till with the joyful madrigal
The waiting air is ringing.

Come all to hail a festal day,
Around it blessings center.
All sadness now away, away,
All gladness swiftly enter.
Hail to our queen enthroned in love,
Who works that man be brother,
And reigns supreme in loyal hearts,
As sister, friend, and mother.

MARY

So long ago, my darling girl,
Since first within my arms
I held you close, enraptured with
Your matchless baby charms.

So long ago since first I saw
Your wistful, tender eyes,
With ready tears for lightest blame,
With smiles for love's replies.

So long ago—I scarce can think
The calendar is true;
It seems but yesterday, and yet
Today I look at you,

And though beyond all questioning
Your woman's life I know,
I only see the little girl
Who kissed me long ago.

AVERY

THE punctual year brings round the day
That gave you to my arms,
My little child, my oldest son,
With all your infant charms.

I gazed at you and smiled to think
Of all that I would do,
To make the world a happy place,
My darling boy, for you.

But as the years went by, they changed
That dream's reality;
For it was you who made the world
A happy place for me.

The blessing that you brought has grown
With each succeeding year;
You never gave my heart a pang,
You never caused a tear.

And now that manhood crowns your youth,
I have the same pure joy
That filled my heart with gladness, in
My darling little boy.

All blessings rest upon your head!
My prayer for you shall be
That some day you may know such joy
As you have given to me.

STUART

ANOTHER year! How fast they fly!
It scarcely seems a day
Since you were just a little boy,
And happy at your play.

Your dancing curls, your merry eyes,
Your sparkling little ways,
They are as vivid to me now
As in those olden days.

So sensitive to word of blame,
So eager for the right,
We thought you were Sir Galahad,
Our precious little Knight.

And so you were—and are today,
The likeness still is true;
Brave, pure, and loyal, Galahad,
Brave, pure, and loyal,—you!

Rich are the gifts that Heaven bestows,
And, grateful for each one,
I count none dearer than to have
You, for my darling son.

Still tender, sensitive, and true,
Still eager for the right,
You are today as you were then,
My Galahad, my Knight!

SARAH

SHE touched the tree top with her hand,
The little maid—the little tree;
Oh, never in the whole wide land
Were any twain so fair to see.

Came softly down the sun and dew,
And they caressed the little tree,
While sturdily it grew and grew,
And felt the joy of being free.

The sun and dew of love came down
To smile upon the little maid,
While she grew tall and strong and brown,
And gladly worked, and gaily played.

She grew until the kind years said:
"No longer grow, O maiden sweet!
The height of beauty is your head,
And love is kneeling at your feet."

She looked, and lo! the tree was far
Above the roofs, above the towers;
Its slender branches made a bower
The where she dreamed in summer hours.

She touched the smooth trunk's silvery grays;
She looked up to the branches white;
The gray-green leaves in waving sprays
Drooped down to see her brown eyes light.

“O Birch Tree, reaching for the sky,
Beneath your lowest branch I stand;
Do you remember it was I
Who touched your top with childish hand?”

“Now wave your silvery plumes, O tree!
For we were babies side by side;
Your comrade I will ever be,
First child, then girl, now happy bride.

“Oh, wave your silvery plumes for me!
I envy not your vast estate,
I could not joy in being free,
For Love’s enchaining glad I wait.”

The tree shook down a tiny leaf;
It lay upon her hand at rest;
She lifted it to her sweet lips,
And hid it in her loving breast.

“O dear Birch Tree, on me bestow
Meed of your strength and courage fine!
Oh, bless me as I onward go,
And let your joy and grace be mine!

“Farewell, my Tree! I go to meet
A future hidden from my eyes;
Oh, cherish all our memories sweet
As you press upward to the skies!”

HOWARD

ANOTHER year, my darling son,
How each one comes apace,
And bearing each its very own
Sweet gift of added grace!

All love-filled, as from babyhood,
You have been love-surrounded,
And hope and prayer and guardian care
Your young horizon bounded.

So for your birthday I can wish
No gift of word or deed,
But those built on Love's corner-stone
And written from Love's creed.

PRENTISS

GOODBYE, dear boy! You bend your tall head low
To kiss me as you say the fond goodbyes.
It seems but yesterday you tip-toed, when
You kissed me and looked straight into my eyes.

I sit beside the window as you go;
I see you, tall, alert, and gay as he
Who tossed you merrily—his baby boy—
In those dear days enshrined in memory.

My darling son! my heart-beats quicker come,
My eyes are blinded with fast falling tears,
As like a panorama, I behold
The pictures of the past and future years.

Ah, but yours is a precious legacy
Better than jewels or than mines of gold—
Your father's heritage of character,
His love, his prayers, his virtues manifold.

You are his worthy son; your life repeats
His creed of work and play, his kindliness—
The human brotherhood made manifest
In loving service and true manliness.

Pray do not hide this gift of character,
Or hesitate to trust the inner voice
That pleads for action and for utterance.
And twixt the good and evil makes its choice.

Espouse the cause of the oppressed and weak;
Uphold the poor who cannot stand alone;
Turn fearless eyes on shams and all deceit,
But pity sins to which mankind is prone.

Be pure, be true, be glad to do and dare;
Dream as you will, but also act your part,
And joy shall walk beside you while you bear
The love of God and man within your heart.

Goodbye again! God bless you evermore,
My darling son on whom my hopes are set;
My thoughts and prayers are beads upon the chain
Of love I give you for an amulet.

THREE GENERATIONS

'Twas long ago, oh, long ago,
Beneath these maple trees
A mother watched a baby girl
In hammock swung by breeze.

She sang an olden lullaby,
"Oh, rock-a-baby-bye,
Your cradle by the wind be blown
Upon the tree-top high."

The baby looked up, and the leaves
Wove canopy of green,
And here and there white clouds peeped through,
While blue sky smiled between.

The winds blew high, the winds sang low,
They played with every leaf;
The baby slept; the years went by;
O Life, thy span is brief!

Beneath the self-same maple trees,
Their branches nobler grown,
The self-same watcher sits and sings
To babe in cradle blown.

"Oh, rock,—upon the tree-top rock;
Oh, rock-a-baby-bye;
The happy winds shall swing your bed
As they go singing by.

“My little grandchild, rest you here,
Where once your mother lay;
And sleep away the summer hour
While green leaves o'er you play.

“Oh, think your darling Mother's thoughts,
And dream her wild-rose dreams,
And some day you too shall enlase
Gray clouds with rosy gleams.

“May her sweet wisdom be your guide,
Her love your chosen part.
Keep, dear, her amulet of joy
Forever in your heart.”

MOTHERHOOD

M C H

"SWEET December, month of gifts,
Bring to me a gift, I pray,
Let it come with earliest snow
'Tarry not till Christmas Day."

"What wilt thou, O waiting heart?"
Dear December gently smiled.
"Ah, thou know'st! I need not tell,
Bring to me a little child."

Sweet December nearer drew,
Folding back his snowy hood,
Then he laid on maid and wife
Holy crown of motherhood.

CLASS DAY

A C

FAIR Harvard's Class Day. Ivied walls
Give Nature's grace to stately halls,
And sun and shadow play between
The ancient trees upon the green.

Her roll tenacious Memory calls,
And summons to these trysting halls
Her noble sons, whose names are told
On history's page in stars of gold.

The poet meets the statesman here,
The sage stands close beside the seer ;
And heroes come from quiet sleep
Where Memory tenderest watch doth keep.

Then shadowy forms fade into air,
The present triumphs everywhere ;
And youth and beauty flash their smiles
When black-robed seniors crowd the aisles.

I know it all! The glorious star
Of Harvard shines from near and far ;
And yet today in all the town
I only see one cap and gown.

My son!—for you I do not ask
The hero's sword, the statesman's task,
Or poet's wreath, or voice of seer,
That men may love and men may fear.

I only ask that Harvard's best
Of truth and honor be your quest;
That following Harvard's highest plan,
Your life be given to God and man.

The world may never read your name
Upon the future's roll of fame;
Enough, my son, if heavenly crown
Be added to your cap and gown.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

S O C

My lady queen upon this mimic stage,
Fair Marie Antoinette,
With all thy bravery of powder, tinsel, paste,
Thy feathered headdress, jewel-girdled waist,
And sparkling coronet—
How like thou art to thy fair prototype
Queen Marie Antoinette,
The idol of each maid and each obsequious page,
The wonder of philosopher and sage—
How like to her! And yet
How unlike, since I know thy gentle heart,
And never can forget
That all thy beauty cannot be more rare
Than the heart-graces that proclaim thee fair!
For truth and love unselfish purely shine
From thy dear eyes, whether thou'rt child of mine,
Or Marie Antoinette.

SIR KNIGHT

W W D

Oh, wait, Sir Knight, and do not care
Because you claim no lady fair;
Because you see each fellow knight,
With smiling lips and eyes alight,
The while his minstrel sings the charms
Of rosy cheeks and snowy arms.

Oh, wait, Sir Knight, she comes apace
With eager step and artless grace;
Her forehead like the moonlight fair,
Night's shadows in her dusky hair;
But all the light of noonday skies
Within the depths of her brown eyes.

She is erect with pride of youth;
Her lips are shrines of holy truth;
Hands white, but not from idleness;
Feet that have sped to aid distress;
Her beauty's crown the blessed art
Of keeping love within her heart.

Oh, see, Sir Knight, she smiles on you!
Bend low the knee, her favor sue.
'Twas for this hour you waited long.
Minstrel, sing now your gladdest song!
Two lovers in your joy have share,
The brave knight and the lady fair.

SARAH'S BABY

THE ocean sings a song to me,
A cradle song of the blue, blue sea;
But ever and ever there's one refrain,
The waves sing it over and over again:
 Sleep, Sarah's baby!
 Sleep, darling one!
 Life, little baby,
 Is just begun.

The white wave tosses its crystal veil;
There's a ship afar with a white, white sail;
But ever and ever the rhythm sweet
Pictures a cradle at my feet,
 Where Sarah's baby
 Sleeps with a smile,
 Dreaming of angels—
 Perchance the while.

O, little baby, loved before
Ever your bark touched earthly shore,
Open your eyes and show to me
Brown of the forest or blue of the sea.
 Then sleep, my darling,
 Sleep soft and warm,
 Guardian angels
 Shall ward from harm.

GOODBYE

My darlings, can I let you go
Across the sea, when well I know
 Though sunbeams bright
May gleam and dream across the sky,
 There will come night
When moon and stars together hide
Behind dark clouds that swift will ride
 Upon the chariot of the storm;
While fierce winds blow, till high and low
The waves are beaten into snow?

My darlings, can I let you go
Though sun may shine and breezes blow
As soft as if the gentle breath
Of Araby the blest made quest
For hidden perfumes that the waves
May bring from incense-laden caves?

Yes, darlings, I can let you go.
That God goes with you well I know,
And you are in His loving care,
As safe on deep, as when I keep
My sleepless watch above your sleep.
God guards you. I can let you go.

MY LOUISE

WHAT day is this, that heaven crowns
With happy sun and balmy breeze?
When flowers are wearing wedding gowns,
And wreaths of green are on the trees?

The sunbeams smile, the soft winds blow,
In gala dress shine flowers and trees;
All, all, because full well they know
You're coming home, my own Louise!

The days have dragged their lonely way
Into long weeks and months, my Love,
Since you sailed out across the bay—
Blue seas below—blue skies above.

At last the weary hours are past,
And heaven high happiness decrees,
For you are coming home at last,
My own Louise! my own Louise!

Roll in, O waves upon the beach!
Come, happy ship on favoring breeze!
Bring her but once within my reach,
She'll roam no more—my own Louise!

My glad, impatient heart still sings;
In all the sails upon the seas
I only see the ship that brings
Louise, Louise! my own Louise!

Ah, here she comes, at last, at last!
The white sails catch the favoring breeze.
The harbor's gained, the ocean's past—
She's here! Louise! my own Louise!

MARY'S GARDEN

SLEEPY HOLLOW

MARY'S garden blooms today,
Pink and red and snowy spray;
Snow of lily, pink of rose,
Mary's garden gleams and glows.
Rich the reds as June can bring,
Sweet the pinks as breath of Spring,
Here they lie upon the green,
There against the pine-tree lean;
Lovely miracle of bloom,
Set in Nature's sunny room.

High above, the pine-trees wave,
Filtering sunshine o'er her grave;
Close behind, the maples hold
Flaming torches—red and gold;
While October haze and mist
Bathe the hills in amethyst.

And shall we who love her well
Bring the rue and asphodel?
Shall we lose through bitter tears
Sweetest memories of the years?
Shall we mourn whom she did bless
With her daily loveliness?

No, let Mary's garden bloom
With no shadow of the tomb;
Sorrow shall not cloud the day
Even though she is away;
Rather joy that she was ours—
Loveliest of all the flowers.

Mary's garden blooms today,
Pink and red and snowy spray;
Yet more fair and lovelier far
Than these lovely blossoms are
Is the garden that she made
Where the colors never fade;

Mary's garden, precious spot,
Bordered with Forget-me-not;
Brave with pinks and lilies fair,
Violets—violets everywhere.
Here at dawn and day's last hour
Memory lingers o'er each flower,
And enshrines with all love's arts
Mary's garden in our hearts.

MARY'S WALK

CONCORD

ADOWN the garden path I went,
The golden lilies toward me leant,
Slender and tall stood Columbine
Mid tangles of a straying vine;
One poppy proud in scarlet sheen
Looked down on buds that still were green;
The Johnny-jump-ups, gay and neat,
Laughed from the grasses at my feet.
Here once—O heart, beat not so wild!—
Here in this garden walked my child.
'Twas she, my Mary, planned it all—
Flowers for Summer, Spring, and Fall.
She loved each cranny and each nook;
With lavish hand the blossoms took,
Breathing their fragrant breath, the while
Their beauty lingered in her smile.

Mary, today your flowers are grown
In gardens all to us unknown;
But none who loves you e'er forgets
Your path is strewn with violets.

MARY'S DAY

EASTER Sunday, Mary's day,
Years ago she went away;
Yet when Easter lilies bloom
She comes forth—not from the tomb
But from her heavenly garden, bright
With golden lilies—lilies white.
There mid green vistas, Nature weaves
A lovelier pink than earth conceives.
Upon a mossy carpet rise
Sweet peas, pink-winged as butterflies;
Pink, always pink, however small,
And pink when rising straight and tall,
Pink roses, pink of fragrant clove—
All these for Mary Nature wove;
And here our darling Mary walks,
Here to her flowers, she smiles and talks,
And following closely everywhere
Blue violets perfume the air.
So she is never far away
On Easter Sunday—her own day.

TRANSFORMATION

An ivory Atlas bearing a crystal ball

M H W

ATLAS, forever burdened, bears the world,
His shoulders bent, on heavy brows a frown;
In blue skies stars are shining, but he sees
The dust alone while sadly gazing down.
Yet while with pain and weariness he bends,
His burden changes to a crystal sphere,
Reflecting hues of earth and lake and sky,
Till unaware, the light of heaven draws near.

And when I bend beneath life's burden vast,
And vainly try the universe to bear,
Gazing upon the dust beneath my feet,
And losing vision of the upper air,
Let me but see your face, beloved friend,
And gaze into the deeps of your dear eyes,
Straightway to crystal turns the world—I see
The love that makes of life a paradise.

"TOUJOURS A TOI"

J C C

TODAY when I turned over papers old
That long had been untouched, from out a fold
There fell a narrow slip whereon three words,
Three little words, were penned. They flew like birds
Into my heart again. as when first read
In bygone years, when, darling, first you said
Those three short words that all my life should bless:
"Toujours à toi!" "Toujours à toi!" The stress
Of all the past encompassed me with pain
As I looked at those little words again.
"Toujours à toi!" "Toujours à toi!" Thine! Thine!
Ah, from the far-off heights of heaven divine
Do you still love me? Are you ever mine?
Speak to me, darling! Give, this once, a sign!
I hear no sound! My heart with questioning beat
Waits for a voice,—but echoes cold repeat
Only my words—my question: Tell me! tell!
Answer from laurel and from immortelle,
Answer from heavenly fields of asphodel,
Are you still mine, belovéd? Is all well?
No sign, no sound! The south wind softly grieves,
Turning the edges of the fallen leaves;
The sun is hid; the sky is cold and gray;
My withered life's reflected in the day.
Speak, dearest love, my own, my very own!
Let me no longer listen to the moan
Of my sad heart that weeps alone, alone—
My heart that lies within my breast like stone;
Speak, and I shall forget the years of pain.
"Toujours à toi!" Oh, say those words again!

PALMS

M H W

PALMS on a Sunday for Jerusalem.
You, dear, shall have a flower for every day:
Love's deep red rose upon a thornless stem,
Anemone, acacia's golden spray,
A honeysuckle-trumpet, set to play
With morning glories for Love's holiday;
Then heliotrope; and last, in some wee spot,
A star of blue to say "Forget me not."

HIS GIFT

H A W

'Twas many, many years ago,
That on a winter morn
Winds blew a triumph note, for then
A little child was born.

He grew to work, to strive, to dream,
He lived to long and pray
That love might make the whole world kin,
And God would speed the day.

He touched the problems of the race,
He caught earth's rhythm free;
The world-love bloomed within his heart,
He gave its flower to me.

FOUND

A L C

You came for a day and you stayed a year,—
 A year and nearly two;
And every day and week and month,
 Dear and more dear you grew;
Till now you are so intertwined
 With all I love to do,
That I would feel deaf, dumb, and blind,
 If I could not have you.

GRAZIOSA

F H C

No one had told us you were beautiful;
No one had said that you were dutiful;
So 'twas a glad surprise when you came walking
Across our threshold, laughing—gaily talking,
Not knowing that the Fates spun at your side
A golden tissue for a darling bride.
Now you are kin to us; ours all your grace,
And ours the lovelight shining on your face.
Dear child of many lands, no longer roam;
Our hearts are yours and this your blesséd home.

TRIBUTE

E P R

So faithful always to your task
 With never a complaint;
So clever that your artist brain
Plans what your deft hands soon attain;
So patient when we call to you
For work that is not yours to do;
 So gentle always, how'er tried,
 Where is the halo that you hide?
For surely you're a saint.

INVITATION

A W F

If I were you I would not lie
So still and white
While all the world outside is filled
With Spring's delight.
Come, breathe deep of this perfumed air,
A tonic sure
To course through veins that scarcely dare
The tide endure.
Come, ride along the lovely roads
That gird your home;
Carry no more the heavy loads
That tire—just come.
God offers you new health and joy—
Accept the gift,
Drink at the fountain now, dear Boy,
The cloud will lift;
Then come across the hills to where
Your welcome waits,
And swinging eager bars, pass through
Wyoming's gates.

IDEALS

K T

I do not ask that your ideal
Be in accord with mine,
But only that its guiding star
Within your heart shall shine.

The dream may rise in ancient lore
Or in the new world's need;
But Love must be the architect,
And Love must write the creed.

MIRACLES

S W

THE world is such a lovely place
When you are here, my dear!
The angles soften into grace,
And Joy, sweet Joy, draws near.
When you are here, my dear, my dear,
A song is in my heart;
The shapes of darkness disappear,
And shadows all depart,
When you are here, my dear, my dear!

TO A TRAVELER

H A W

FULL many a time you walked this road
Before you were my lover,
And trudged to work and trudged to school
This long steep hillside over.

Your plow full many a furrow turned,
Your spade was ever ready;
No shirking in those boyhood days
When work for you was steady.

I wonder were you happier then,
A sturdy little yeoman,
Than now, when as a traveler bold
You yield the palm to no man.

TO A POET

W R B

'Twas years ago you came to dwell
With us,—our home your home;
We cast about you Love's dear spell
That would not let you roam.

You brought the scholar's earnest mind,
The artist's perfect taste;
You showed us light where we were blind,
Vistas where had been waste.

So hurried on the happy years
Without a cloud to mar;—
Yet now I bring both smiles and tears
To tell how dear you are.

TO A COMPANION

M D B

DEAR Mary, here's another word for you
To whom my love flies always strong and true;
I long to cage that bird of eager wing
In words that to your heart will ever sing,
But find it is not easy to be terse
Since you're tenacious of my lightest verse.
All words are feeble, so it may be well
Simply to love you more than words can tell.

IN THE OBSERVATORY

S F W

THIS Sabbath day lies white on fields of snow,
White beneath pines where shadows come and go;
The lavish sunbeams send their shafts of mirth
To the dark corners of the eager earth.

Far down where the white drifts of snow lie deep
The violets in their warm beds still sleep,
Waiting the call of Spring to bid them rise,
And lift their dear blue faces to the skies.

Surely this radiance never can depart,
And leave this house of joy—or leave my heart;
For well I know—the thought all doubt debars—
“Love rules the sun in heaven and all the stars.”

RECOGNITION

S C H

LOVE is a plant that often springs unbidden,
And sometimes is discovered with surprise;
But not for long can its green leaves be hidden,
When within friendship's garden they arise.

Here is its flower—this red rose that I bring you,
Bearing a message that is always true;
For listen to the silent song 'twill sing you:
“Love is eternal be it old or new.”

TO A FLORENTINE

M K S

I CANNOT see why love should linger
When he espies his own,
Or close his lips with wary finger,
Lest he the truth make known.

Away with rules whose chains, entralling,
Keep human souls apart,
When love and sympathy are calling
To open wide the heart.

Minerva sprang to full-grown beauty
Upon her day of birth,
And heavenly Love would fail in duty,
More bound by rules of earth.

So, Lady of this city golden,
Yours—music, books, and art;
I add to all these treasures olden
A new one—here's my heart!

OPEN SESAME

A H H

GREAT Heart, thou hast the charm
That draws thy lovers here;
No prison bars are needed,
Lest they should disappear.
For if all doors were locked and barred
Thou hast the magic key,—
The "Open sesame" of love—
And that would set them free.

TO A CRAFTSMAN

C F E

'Tis not alone the skilful hand,
 Though trained to do its part;
'Tis not alone the fertile mind
 That spurs inventive art.
The brain, the hand, together work,
 While eager pulses start;
But they are never eloquent
 Till christened by the heart.

TO A MUSICIAN

F A R

THIS is your birthday, my dear,
What shall I give you, I pray?
Though I seek over the earth
Naught can I find that will say
Half of the truth that is welling,
Longing to make itself heard,—
Story of love to be telling—
Word after eloquent word.

There is no gift gold can buy,
No cunning jewel o'erwrought,
But leaves the story half told,
Only half utters the thought.
For in our smiling and grieving
Ever to you we held fast,
And all the present is weaving
Thread that you spun in the past.

Beautiful memories throng,
Each has your love for a part.
So I just sing you a song,—
Give you a bit of my heart.

TO AN ARCHITECT

B F

THE fairies brought you cradle gifts,
Dear architect and friend;
Imagination that uplifts
Your spirit to the end;

Vision that clearly shows to you
What others do not see,—
Homes built for use and beauty too,
Fair gardens yet to be;

White pillars, arbors, pools, and stairs,
Green vines that interlace;
Rare forms for you the landscape wears
Where we see empty space.

The fairy blessings do not cease;
Although the world's at war,
You dwell amid the arts of peace,
Your guide a golden star.

TO A PLAYBOY

S W

I WISH you knew how thrills my heart,
To have you take your noble part
On the world's stage, and falter not,
Though words be cold or words be hot;
But pressing on with high ideal
Find every dream at last is real.

Actor you are, but greater far—
Discerner of the future star;
Scholar, exploring olden fields,
To cherish what their harvest yields;
Poet and prophet—almost priest
In Bible vision of the East.

Yet, though the world's to do its will,
You are my darling Playboy still.

TO A CHERISHED FRIEND

E F P

Do you know, dear, how many long years have gone by
Since our lives first touched on each other?
How little we dreamed of what was to come
When gladly you welcomed me into your home,
As one sister welcomes another.

So dainty a figure—such delicate grace—
I never had looked on before;
I knew your true heart when I first saw your face,
And Love came at once for you gave him his place
The first time I entered your door.

And now when I go to your sweet home today
There's one ever close at my side
Who once looked at your treasures and loved them
too,—
The dear thought of him comes with each thought of
you,—
For memories are never denied.

And so, darling Friend, the things that you love
Are close beyond words to my heart;
In all the wide world there is no other place
That brings back the past with its charm and its grace
Like your home with its beauty and art.

TO HIS BIRDS

L A F

You darling, shining little birds
With folded wings,
Your iridescent breasts aflame,—
Color that sings,—
You sing no more—alas, alas—
But still and dead,
Row upon row, tier over tier,
Lie in this bed,—

This heavenly morgue,—not all alone
With sheets to hide,
But wing to wing with kindred birds
Close side by side.
Death has not taken your beauty's dower,
Your crimson crest,
Your wings of shadowy wood-brown gauze,
Your golden breast.

You are the watcher, poised above
The ranks who furled
Their shining wings, and gave life up
To give the world
Of science knowledge of your lives,
Though brief their span,
With clearer sense of God's least gifts
Bestowed on man.

Ye emeralds of the upper air,
Rubies afire,
Topaz and garnet, sapphire, deep
As heart's desire,—
If you were in the lands afar,—
Your native sphere,—
Darlings, you would not thrill my heart
As you do here.

TO A SCIENTIST

C G

HERE'S Chester, big and golden,
To him we are beholden
For the song with which we greet his favorite science.
Earth's geologic dimple
To him is very simple,—
He says it is our only safe reliance.

A meteorite's uncertain
Unless night draws the curtain,
And even then it meets with gravitation.
But geology remains
And its devotees it trains,
Till all receive abundant education.

TO A DANCER

A G

INTO our hearts you danced your way
One happy day of lovely May.
You danced upon the the wind-blown grass
That gently swayed to let you pass,
While birds called children to your school
To dance with you beside the pool
Whose waters mirrored the blue sky
And caught white clouds as they passed by.
'Twas there you held the children's hands
And danced away to fairy lands.

LAURA

SUCH a tiny lady,
Such a giant soul.
Fashioned for a fairy,
Heart then took control,—
Set the lovely twinkle
In your starry eyes;
Made your lips for smiling,
Kept you strong and wise.
Thus you came to bless us
Through the happy year.
God must love us dearly
Since he brought you here.

LOUISE

You came to us with all the charm
That travel brings;
For you had wandered through far lands
And looked on kings.
Yet when you sat with us at ease
Beside the fire,
We only knew you brought to us
Our hearts' desire.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

HALF a century ago
Sang a mother soft and low:
"This is sweet Thanksgiving Day;
Harvest offerings all may lay
On the altar—but I bring
Rarer gift unto the King.
Other gifts their work have done,
I bring life but just begun.
Take, dear Lord, this little child
Newly born and undefiled;
Let his life to others be
Gift of gifts for sake of Thee.
Not for him do I ask gold,
Not the the prophet's vision old,
Nor yet music, art, or fame,
Silver speech, or poet's name;
Give him not a ruler's rod,—
Let him be a man of God."

Angels bent and softly smiled,
Holding close that little child.
"Since thou askest but one gift,
That he human burdens lift,
Every other gift shall be
Added to his legacy.
Love of music, love of art,
Golden speech and poet's heart,
Priestly office, voice of seer,
That men cannot choose but hear;
And the weary, lonely, sad,
Turning to him shall be glad."

Fifty years since then have sped,
Angel-guarded, angel-led,—
Now he stands in manhood's prime,
Lightly touched by hand of time.
'Tis his birthday brings us here,
Glad of heart to call him dear.

Blessings that shall never end
Be thy part, beloved friend!
As thou givest true heart's gold,
Never touched by rust or mold,
Loving most who most need love,—
Not the ones who most deserve,—
May the tide of blessing roll
Back in joy upon thy soul,—
Turning even loss to gain,
Making heartsease out of pain.
Our best gift we bring thee here,
Love encircling all the year;
And, because we call thee friend,
Our Thanksgivings never end.

LUCINDA H. STONE

SEPTEMBER's calendar is hung
In fields of golden sheaves;
His hand has dipped in liquid gold
The maple's burnished leaves.

He powdered summer's wealth of bloom
With gold from out his mines,
And set a harp for winds to play
Among the lonely pines.

"My work is well nigh done," he said,
"And my farewell shall be
To crown a life of noble years
Spent for humanity."

Low-bending, smiling, then he set,
O'er crown of silver hair,
The golden crown of fourscore years
Of life, serene and fair.

Love's halo shed its opal light,
Encircling smiles and tears;
And so she wears as Life's best gifts
Twin crowns of love and years.

RUTH McENERY STUART

LADY, some praise your sparkling eyes
And some your raven hair;
Some celebrate your subtle grace
And call you debonair;
Some love your pathos, some your mirth,
And some your rippling verse;
I say amen to each and all
Who thus your charms rehearse;
And glad in all the prose and rhyme
Wherein they praise you duly,
I only smile into your eyes
And say, "I love you truly."

MEMORIAL VERSES

VIOLETS

LAST year with us, but, oh, today
We meet, and she is far away!
With loving words the air's astir,
But only violets speak for her—
Sweet violets.

With sorrow's thought the world grows cold;
Beneath the grass is only mold;
And yet, before the heart forgets,
The odor comes of violets—
Sweet violets.

What is the secret of the night?
Is death all dark? or is it light?
Our tears fall fast the weary while
We wait. And yet the violets smile—
Sweet violets.

Some day, dear friend, your gentle eyes
Will smile to see our glad surprise;
And then your loving hand will show
The heavenly fields where violets grow—
Sweet violets.

CROWNED

HE laid down the page he had written,
And turned to look over the sea.
Oh, who was the boatman unbidden
-Whose shadowy sail floated free?

It caught not the light of the sunshine,
It darkened the waves that it spanned.
The boatman arose in its shadow
And lifted his beckoning hand.

The beautiful page he had written
Was left for an angel to sign;
And even the hearts that were smitten
Could read on his face, peace divine.

The dark boat was lost in the shadow,
But its pennant shone golden above,
And floated the welcome of heaven
To one crowned with laurel and love.

DEPARTURE

THE sun shines on the mountain,
The sun shines on the sea,
The sails gleam bright in silver light,
On glad waves tossing free.

But one who loved the mountain
And loved the shining sea,
Will look no more on earthly shore,
Or white waves tossing free.

He left us, but not sailing
In yonder shining boat;
With muffled oar from hidden shore,
We saw a shadow float,

And then a pilot beckoned
From out the shadow gray;
And while it seemed as if we dreamed,
He smiled and slipped away.

NATURE'S FAREWELL

SHE looked at us, and we answered, while
The sunshine laughed in her loving smile;
But the rain came down with our hearts to weep
When we laid her away in her last long sleep.

GOODBYE

WE knew he never wished to say goodbye.
When the hour came he smiled, and went away.

It is his way, we said;
For well we knew his dread,
Not of the going, but the word, goodbye.

Oh, dearly loved, we little thought that when
You started on the journey out of life,

It would be still your way,
No sad goodbye to say,—
But just to smile as then—and go away.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

We sang for the golden wedding,
And then for the beautiful bier
Where he lay on a summer morning,
When we called, and he did not hear.

For with silver-lined clouds white in sunshine,
Blue sea gently lapping the sand,
He went from his dear island cottage
To the mansion his Father had planned.

The flag that he loved was his cover ;
A message of peace on his face,
When hands that he loved bore him onward
To rest in earth's tender embrace.

There could be no weeping and mourning,
There could be no funeral knell,
For the angels said, "Hail!" to their comrade,
When we said to our comrade, "Farewell!"

ROSES

WHITE roses on the door
Oh, weep no more!
White is a sign that Death is wed to Youth.
Weep when the purple droops in clusters low,
For then we know
'Tis Age Death calls, and realize the truth
That there's remorse to count with, and regret.
Well may our eyes be wet
When pass the purple palls,
But with white roses on the door,
Death wed to Youth,
Oh, weep no more!

SARA AVERY LEEDS

“God bless you and goodbye,” she said;
Then gently fell on sleep;
And those who watched her as she went,
They could not—would not—weep.

TRANSITION

How strange it is when loved ones die,
That in a moment's space
They seem far, far removed from us,
And changed in form and face.

One moment here—we laugh and jest
In all familiar ways;
The next—to other worlds removed,
They live in ancient days.

So young, perchance they scarce had crossed
The bounds to man's estate,
When suddenly they join the ranks
Of the world's good and great.

Oh, what is hidden from our eyes
That they may see and know?
What barriers hedge, that they come not,
Nor we to them may go?

The silence of the ocean depths,
The distance of the skies
Have snatched them from our loving arms,
And shut them from our eyes!

O crushing Silence! cruel Space!
You leave us here alone—
But cannot steal our memories,
Or rob love of its own.

MARTHA KELLOGG

"I am not afraid to die, but I do not want to be gone."

"I HAVE no fear of death," she said.
"His shadowy form I do not dread.
But O, my friends, close by me stay;
My heart calls out to you today:
I do not want to be away."

Sweet friend, you always held us dear;
Our hearts' love keeps you ever near;
So, though beyond our star of day,
Your day-star shines with heavenly ray—
You never can be far away.

GEORGE F. ROOT

THE people are mourning the singer,
Who shared all their hopes and their fears,
For his pulse caught the beat of their heart-beats,
And he sang with their smiles and their tears.

Ah, the many may lead hosts to battle—
To the many war's honor belongs;
But the few touch the hearts of the people,
The few give the people their songs.

SARAH HATHAWAY FORBES

It needed but a little step,—no more;
A lifted veil,—a lightly-swinging gate,—
To open fields of Paradise, where wait
Thy friends belovéd who have gone before.

He met thee there,—he who was strong and brave;
Whose youthful ardor captured thy fond heart;
Who worshipped thee through all the years he gave
To noble deeds in which thou hadst thy part.

Ah, thou wert beauty's own! Upon thy face
Time set no seal of age or feebleness;
He had not heart to mar thy matchless grace,
Or aught diminish of thy loveliness.

So beautiful,—and better still, so good,—
So kind, so sweet, so gentle, strong, and true!
Whether 'mid throngs or in sweet solitude
Thy thoughts the larger inspirations knew.

Science, art, music,—questions of the day,
And every work that lifts humanity,—
All called to thee; thou never said'st them nay,
But tested each by thy large orrery.

And oh, the flowers! Surely they mourn for thee,
Their faithful lover,—never unaware
Of Spring's first bud, of summer's ecstasy,—
The golden autumn,—winter's blossoms rare.

Thou nam'dst each flower, by careful science taught,
And in thy daily life each had its share;

To garden-bed and greenhouse thou hast brought
A presence that will ever linger there.

Although thy griefs were many, thou did'st smile
Triumphant as the martyrs smiled in flame;
When history builds the heroes' stately pile,
It will not be complete without thy name.

I pause and loving Memory brings thee near,
Upon thy lips the smile they used to wear;
I see thy placid brow,—eyes deep and clear,—
The violet amethyst upon thy hair.

O Princess of the royal line of worth!
With thoughts of thee high aspirations rise.
Thine was an angel's ministry on earth;
An angel's crown be thine in Paradise.

CLARA DOTY BATES

FRIEND of my heart, but lately at my side,
Though longing in a fair green field to rest,
To hear the meadow larks and to abide,
Released from pain, on Mother Earth's green breast.

Where'er your feet may wander, they but go
With willing haste on deeds of kindness bent;
Howe'er your busy hands may work, we know
They work to help, to whomsoever sent.

I think of your sweet life, most rarely blent
With noble thought, with noble work and prayer;
Out to humanity your warm heart went,
And found God's children here and everywhere.

'Twere easier to name the things unloved
That Nature molded; for the sea, the plain,
Stars, forests, mountains, prairies, flowers,—all moved
Your soul with love, whose strength was well-nigh
pain—

The pain of love too great for human speech.
It may be that was why you held the grass
Dearer than all the rest, for it could teach
The ministry of unobtrusiveness.

'Tis easier to be lover than true friend;
But you were both—true lover, royal friend;
Your part to watch, to counsel, and to send
Love's sympathy enfolding to the end.

Your thought, unselfish to the last, was keen
In saving pain. Your farewell words brought peace;
You said, "Though I go first, remember this:—
'Love will not cease, dear heart, love will not cease.'"

Bring your brown leaves, O tender autumn winds!
And on this wonderful October day
Let them drift softly o'er the mound that finds
Beneath its arch such garment of rare clay!

Belovéd friend, farewell until we meet,
And once again clasp hands!—When?—who can tell?
I lay this rose, heart-colored, at your feet,
And bid it say, the while it says farewell,

Your own dear words, your words of holy peace:—
"Love will not cease, dear heart, love will not cease!"

LUCINDA PORTER STOUT

WHERE art thou now who yesterday wert here
With loving smile and ready word of cheer?
What happy rolling fields of Paradise
Surprise today thy beauty-loving eyes?
Where art thou who from childhood wert a friend
On whom our hearts could joyfully depend?

Dear, busy hands on dainty work intent,—
Dear, tireless feet on kindly errands bent,—
Sweet eyes that smiled with messages of cheer,—
Or dimmed their light with sympathy's quick tear,—
Shall we not pierce the grave that holds ye all
And win swift answer to our lonely call?

We question, but alas! hear no replies;
Silent is earth and dumb the shadowed skies.
And yet we know, we *know* that all is well,—
That life begins when earth rings out life's knell.
Somewhere she works upon her angel-task
And smiles at questions that we fain would ask.
Perchance today as in the dear old days
She follows us in the familiar ways.
Perchance her angel to our hearts has brought
This flood of tender, loving, longing thought.

JOHN OLMSTEAD BARTHOLOMEW

CANDLES at his feet and head,
Yet I cannot make him dead!
On his bier a purple pall,
Cross of white flowers—is that all—
All of life, so rich and rare
That love met him everywhere?

No! we reap what we have sown,
And this friend we well have known
Left upon his life's wide field
Seeds of kindly deeds, that yield
Love's rich harvest—fruit and flowers,—
And the legacy is ours.

At his feet the candles three
Burn for Life's deep mystery.
At his head the candles three
Flame for Love's divinity.
Here he knew both life and love,
Now he knows them both above.

• He consigns to us his share
Of the parts he used to bear.
If we do such kindly deeds,
Give such love to whoso needs,
His dear life of sturdy worth
Will not perish from the earth.

MARY FRANCENA STRONG

SHE was a gentle lady, wise and kind;
True was her heart and brightly dowered her mind;
She loved to work when work was to be done;
She loved to help till a good cause was won.
Never intent on what herself desired,
She listened to all plans where'er inspired;
Where others wrought she gladly lent her aid
With a strong courage,—ever undismayed.

When sorrow came to her she did not faint;
None ever heard from her rebellious plaint;
She bore her burdens with a cheerful mien,
And strong in faith, in steady love serene,
Her spirit rose on wings that gave her power
To strengthen others in grief's darkest hour.
Unselfish in her deeds, generous in thought,
Each present duty its fulfillment brought.
Where'er she went love followed in her train,
And when love calls, it never calls in vain.

Comrade and friend, farewell until our ways
Cross in supernal light of heaven's days;
Then shall we say to thee, "O loyal heart,
We gained because our lives in thine had part."
Kind daughter, tender mother, loving wife,
The world is better for thy strong, sweet life.

LAURA SPRAGUE BROOKS

Was it a month ago?—a week?—a day?
You stood beside your open door to say:—
“Goodbye for now!” We smiled and did not sigh,
So little dreaming ’twas a last goodbye.

There is no one in all this countryside
Could be so missed as you. With love and pride,
And tear-dimmed eyes they speak of you today;
“She was a golden star of light,” they say.

Though meek, you have outstripped us every one;
So young, yet with your earthly tasks all done.
We have but learned the Alpha of this life;
You read Omega far beyond the strife.

Dearly beloved, God blessed our lives with you,—
We must not find life poor since that is true.
Rich in the past, the present still our own,
We need not face the future now alone.

No, we will gird our souls, and pressing on,
Will follow you until our victory’s won.
Great Heart, sweet Heart, our love we cannot tell,
But angels hail you as we say farewell.

ALICE F. HJORTSBERG

"THE Lady Alice!" 'Twas a friend who framed
In words the picture that her beauty named.

Meek, gentle, full of sweet humility,
Counting all others of more worth than she,
Her days passed quietly, and one by one
Confirmed the record of her duties done;
So humbly tender and so sweetly true
This loving lady whom her lovers knew;
The friend beloved by friends, the guardian where
She found the friendless needing her kind care.

So lived she, and when death advancing laid
His hand upon her,—as if unafraid
The smile upon her lovely face was caught
And all the lines that years had made were naught.
Youth touched her as if with a soft caress,
Into her face stole girlhood's loveliness,
And with the charm that later life had known,
The olden beauty was again her own.

So, smiling there as she on earth had smiled,
She entered heaven as fearless as a child;
And with no need of change, her lovely eyes
Looked with the angels into Paradise.

JEANNETTE A. FAULKNER

"OUR gentle neighbor's gone," you say?
Why it was only yesterday
She watched this lovely pink rose bloom!
And are pink roses for the tomb?

She loved the flowers—the flowers loved her;
The more she smiled, the more there were
To smile back from her garden plots—
Pink roses, blue forget-me-nots.

Yet flowers of earth were all too few;
She dreamed of gardens ever new,
Where blossoms do not fade, and where
No wild winds pierce the balmy air.

A gate before her opened wide;
She smiled and softly stepped inside;
Oh, joy! what radiance of bloom!
How could they call that gate a tomb!

That garden gate, it opened where
Youth waited, free from every care;
And down the fragrant walks there came
Her loved ones, calling her dear name.

At last her heart is satisfied;
The loved, long lost, are by her side,
And joyfully, in perfumed hours,
She walks among her heavenly flowers.

MARY FOOTE CAMPBELL

"MARY aged ninety-four."
Silver plate the legend bore,
Lying near the placid face
Whereon pain had left no trace.

Long the years on earth she spent,
On kind deeds of service bent,
Weary and uphill the way
That she walked on many a day.

Yet life led her also through
Meadows fair where skies were blue,
And this face, cold, white and still,
Bears no sign of stony hill.

Now that life on earth is done,
Life in heaven at last begun,
Peaceful is the quiet tale
Written on these features pale,
Smooth and fair as if in truth
Death's first gift was touch of youth.

Hide the dear form if we must,
"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Yet we know the soul has found
Wings denied the body's bound,
And to heaven's joys they bore
Mary, aged ninety-four.

KATE G. HUDDLESTON

OH, the mystery of death!
Smiling lips untouched by breath;
Shining eyes, now shut away
From the blesséd light of day;
Busy hands so still and fair,
Curving cheek and waving hair.
She is here in aspect sweet,
Yet bereft and incomplete,
For we vainly seek the soul
That once glorified the whole.
Death, of life the black-masked thief,
Gave her joy, and left us grief.

Comrade, burden-bearer, friend,
Thou on whom we could depend,
Thou, who ever didst thy part,
With deft hand and loving heart,
We dreamed not thou soon wouldst be
Starred with immortality.

Friend, belovéd friend, farewell!
From the fields of asphodel
Sometimes turn and say that while
We are weeping, thou dost smile.

VERSES FOR OCCASIONS

DEDICATION

'Twas years ago that first we met—
A little band together,
And planned the home to shelter us
In dark and sunny weather.
'Twas years ago
But now we know
Love follows us where'er we go.

VALENTINE

WHAT shall I give to my lady fair
With the eyes of blue and the golden hair;
With lily cheeks where come and go
The crimson tides as they ebb and flow;
With the ruby lips that smiling part
To fashion a bow for Cupid's dart?
Oh, tell me, tell me, ere I despair,
What treasure to give to my lady fair!

"Give her a rose," the flowers say,
"Give her a plume," the birdlings pray,
"Give her a pearl," the sea replies,
"Give her a star," say twilight skies.

I hear them and smile, for how little they know
The heart of my love when they answer so!
The rose, the plume, the pearl, and the star,
She would give them all, though fair they are,
For a whispered message of love from me,
For I know that of darlings the dearest is she.
I love her! I love her! She's mine! she's mine!
And I give her my heart for a valentine!

WEDDING CHORUS

I

O DAY of days, O hour of hours,
Ringing with song and gay with flowers!
Thou guardian of the future's gate,
O day of days, O day of days,
For thee true lovers wait!

Come, O friends, and joy be your burden!
Bride and bridegroom, joy is your guerdon!
This is the token, tender vows spoken,
Then two together go their way.
Love is the light that gildeth their day;
And the blue sky bending above them,
And the prayers of fond hearts that love them,
Swiftly are winging, blessings are bringing,
Bringing pure joy to the heart of the bride,
Joy to the lover who stands at her side.
Love is the light that cannot fail,
Hail to the bride, to bridegroom hail!

O day of days, O hour of hours,
Ringing with song and gay with flowers!
Thou guardian of the future's gate,
O day of days, O day of days,
For thee true lovers wait!

II

FAIR maid, sweet maid, life hath smiled upon thee
ever;

Fair maid, sweet maid, love hath led thee in the light.
Old ties thou art leaving,
New ties thou art weaving,
May angels attend thee, dear one, and lead thee
On to the heavenly light!

Fair maid, sweet maid, thou hast dreamed of joy un-
spoken;

Fair maid, sweet maid, soon their bliss thy joy shall
know.

True love tells the story
Old, yet with new glory,
Thrill now in thy heart the dreams of the long ago!

O come, love, come, for joy awaits thee!
Music fills the air,
And hope is smiling everywhere.
Come, love, to thy heaven!

III

O HOLY love, circling the earth,
Thou givest life its deathless worth;
The eons pass and nations fall;
Thou lookest on, thou lookest on,
Changeless amid them all.

For the power of love it is hidden,
By no blare of trumpets is bidden;
Quietly growing, steadily showing
Deep in the heart a throne secure,
Never to fall while worlds endure.

When a sign is silently given,
Swiftly, fair gates of heaven
Thrill with emotion, earth, air and ocean,
Bright as the lightning's blinding flash
Strong as the thunder's deafening crash.
'Tis but a voice—love's heavenly voice
Saying: "Obey! obey and rejoice!"

Come, love, on wings from each zone,
Bring all the joys the world has known!
O love in whom the world began,
Come and abide, come and abide—
God's crowning gift to man.
Bring joy supernal, pure and eternal,
To bride and bridegroom day by day;
Life set to duty, life crowned with beauty.
Blessing and blesséd be theirs always!

FOR A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

SWEET Memory sits with her dark, tender eyes
Gazing eastward afar into Life's morning skies,
And I hear her soft voice calling back the long years,
And bidding them bring all their smiles, all their tears.
For joy is not joy till sorrow takes part,
Drawing sympathy's veil o'er her jubilant heart.
So Memory sits with her dark, brooding eyes,
And sings a low song to the far morning skies.

SONG

Three score years since wedding bells
Rang across these hills and dells;
'Twas a winter's month in name,
But Spring's heralds laughing came,
And they heard across the snow
Those dear bells of long ago.

Scottish heather found the way
O'er the sea to Quaker gray.
Scottish eyes were bright and blue,
Quaker eyes were soft and true,
And between them on that day
Sweet Love found his happy way.

So ring out, dear wedding bells,
Ring today o'er hills and dells;
Lovelight shines forever bright,
Where love dwells is never night.
Hail the love-life side by side!
Hail the bridegroom and the bride!
Wedding bells! wedding bells!
Hail the bridegroom and the bride.

The echoing song died in silence at last,
And Memory brought pictures from out the dear past,
About the two lovers—the man and his wife—
Children gathered to bless and to hallow their life.
And if angels called one to the bright realms above
'Twas lest heaven were forgot in the joy of earth's
love.

The swift years sped onward. The beautiful home
Gave welcome to all with its heart bidding: "Come!"
And flowers breathed their perfume on every side,
Saying, "Time cannot change her, our beautiful bride!"
Then came the dark hour of the country's dire needs,
With it courage and wisdom and beautiful deeds;
For in whatever land he may cast his life's lot,
True loyalty beats in the heart of the Scot.

Memory turned, smiled, and vanished—her pictures are
gone;

The Past had its mission—that mission is done.

O beautiful Present, unveil your fair head!

Greet the bride and the bridegroom for sixty years
wed!

God's blessings have crowned them—Life gave them
its best.

Is that home, honor, riches, that answered their quest?

Ah, the best gift of all is the light in the eyes

That shines in the sunset, as in morning skies.

The best gift—the long years that were spent side by
side,

And the Love that today crowns them bridegroom and
bride.

BRIDAL BOWL

TURN we to another goal,
Shining crystal bridal bowl,
From earth's storehouse fill it up
Till it brims the loving cup.

Fill the beaker, fill the bowl,
Joy of senses stir the soul,
Sparkle, odor, form and hue,
Bubble in our bridal brew.

Now give the yellow orange room;
Its white flower is the bride's own bloom.
Companion of the snowy veil,
Its pledge of joy shall never fail.

The fainter flavors are not best
Until the lemon adds its zest,
Heigho the brew, the magic brew!
Put in the spice and ginger too!

Cordial of France made long ago
The love of kindred here to show,
Now yield your fragrance and your wine
For stimulant and anodyne.

Room for the purple clusters, room
For harmless sweet and velvet bloom!
Heigho the brew! Toss in the brew
The grapes that on Parnassus grew!

Here's rosemary and violets too;
I give them to your bridal brew
And pray your joys of many years
Be rich as mine,—as few your tears.

Stir, stir the bowl, and in it blend
The love your far-off kindred send,
For north or south or east or west
In spirit each is here a guest.

Stir in the blessings we have shared,
The guardian care where'er we fared,
The peaceful joys of every day,
The love that lighted all the way.

Stir in the bowl the grateful thought
This joyous festival has brought.
Stir in the love of children, given
To link us to the love of Heaven.

Earth has given her fruit and flower
To the fragrance of this hour.
Honor, strength, and joy drink up
From this sacred loving cup.

WEDDING SONG

HAIL to the happy time,
Summer in fullest prime,
 Like a bird winging,
 Like a ship bringing
Sweet wedding bells to chime.

Hammer of life to beat
Out of the furnace heat
 Gold that is gleaming,
 Love that is beaming
Wherever true hearts meet.

Minor the chord may be,
Yet for the symphony
 Grand in the chorus,
 Rapturous o'er us,
Perfect the melody.

Love in its own sweet way
Cherishes heart of May;
 Nevermore olden,
 Evermore golden,
Hail to the wedding day.

SONG FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING

SING for the golden sunshine,
Sing for the golden moon,
Sing for the golden roses
Fragrant on breath of June.
Sing for the golden maples
Sing for the golden mine,
Sing for the golden berries
Clustered on waving vine.
Then over prairie and desert gray,
Over the mountain and sea away,
Sing for a golden wedding day.

Vows that were slowly spoken
Far in the bygone past,
Speed now to give a token—
Life is the best at last.
For with true hearts united
Love ever close beside,
Yearly new faith was plighted,
Bridegroom again wooed bride.

Seeking at end of rainbow
Magical pot of gold,
Question the wide world over,
None has the secret told.
Yet have these fond hearts learned it—
Truth as the heavens old.
Life is itself the rainbow—
Love is the pot of gold.
Then over prairie and desert gray,
Over the mountain and sea away,
Sing for a golden wedding day.

JUNE ROSES

O FLY with all your posies,
Spring's darling, Lady May!
My heart no more reposes
In tranquil joy today;
For now each bud discloses
Between the rifts of green,
The red of June's red roses—
The fairest ever seen.

Haste, Time! No longer dally!
The birds are on the wing;
Your golden steeds now rally
To carry off the Spring.
Then fly with all your posies,
Spring's darling, Lady May;
Bloom, bloom, ye crimson roses,
June brings my wedding day!

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